

**THE
PLUME**

1959



THE PLUME

“... I will search and seek and watch —
Until my eyes are stilled.”

From FOR FUTURE USE
By Geniene Arsneau

Original Writings by the Students
of

T. L. HANDY HIGH SCHOOL
BAY CITY, MICHIGAN

Volume VI

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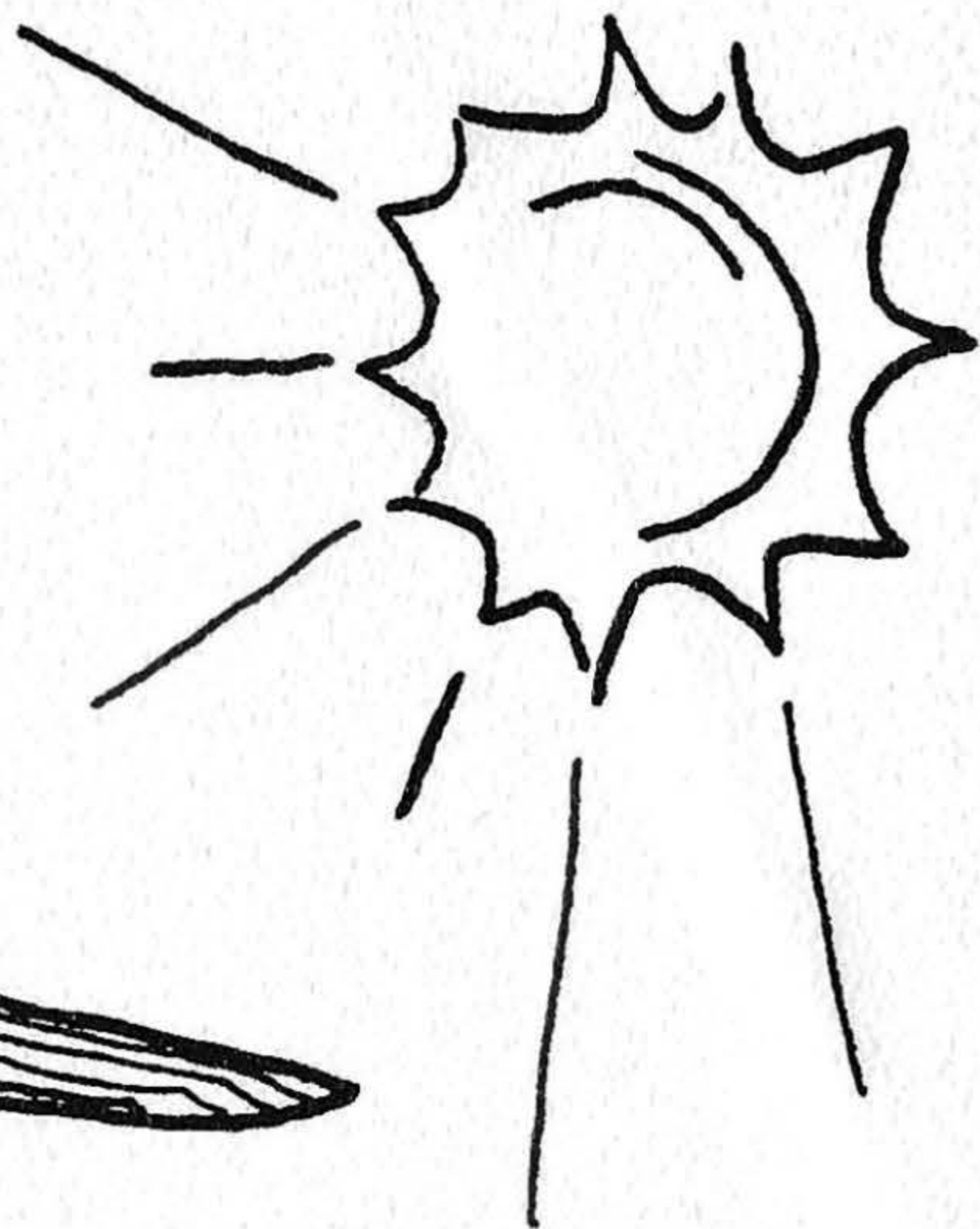
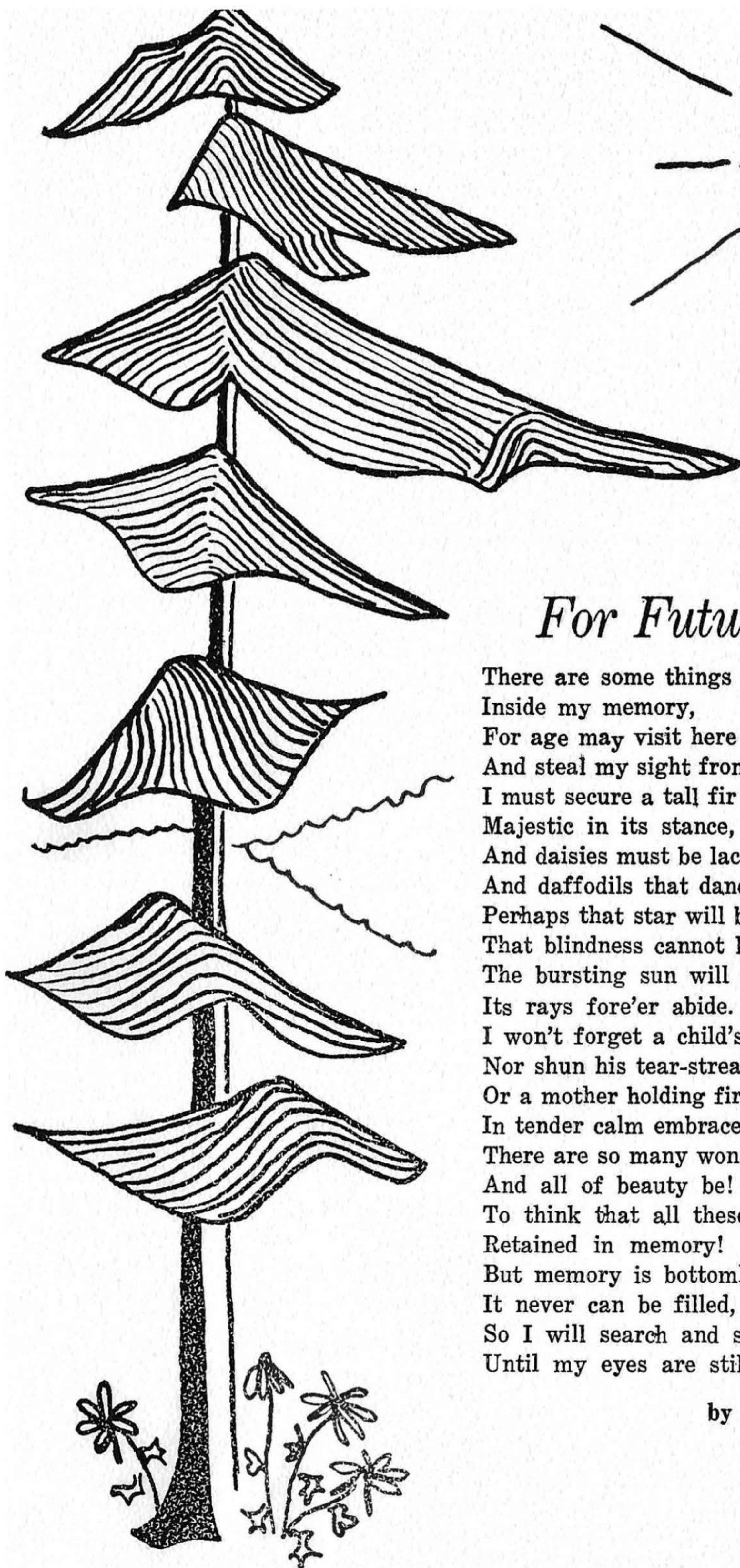
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For Future Use

There are some things that I must tuck
Inside my memory,
For age may visit here someday
And steal my sight from me.
I must secure a tall fir tree,
Majestic in its stance,
And daisies must be laced in too,
And daffodils that dance.
Perhaps that star will be a light
That blindness cannot hide;
The bursting sun will add its strength,
Its rays fore'er abide.
I won't forget a child's smile—
Nor shun his tear-streaked face,
Or a mother holding first-born close,
In tender calm embrace.
There are so many wonderful things
And all of beauty be!
To think that all these sights must be
Retained in memory!
But memory is bottomless;
It never can be filled,
So I will search and seek and watch—
Until my eyes are stilled.

by Geniene Arsneau

The Championship Game

The shrill sound of the referee's whistle caused a hush to come over the capacity crowd in State University Field House. "Foul on number sixteen," roared the voice of the official. The player walked toward the bench, head bowed.

Looks of despair came to the faces of the Richmond High followers. Number 16 was Steve Olson, Richmond's high scoring forward; he had fouled out of the State Championship game with over seven minutes left to play.

Richmond's coach looked down the bench for a substitute for Olson. He hesitated and then said, "Ward." The crowd murmured as the boy jumped to his feet and pulled off his warm-up jacket.

Jack Ward was only a sophomore. He had played six varsity games since being brought up from the reserve team. Some of the seniors on the team resented his presence. They felt that "they should get to play before some punk sophomore." However, Jack was a better player than the boys who did the complaining and the coach knew it.

The game continued. The boy from Arbor High made his free throw and the score was fifty to forty-eight Richmond leading.

The two teams traded baskets four times in succession and Richmond still led by two points. As they worked the ball around for a shot, Ward tried to pass into Red Shultz in the center. The ball was deflected and an Arbor boy recovered it. A long pass down the floor garnered an easy basket for Arbor and the score was tied.

With just over a minute to go, Richmond went into a stall. They passed the ball around, waiting for an opportunity. They wanted to wait until the final few seconds before taking a shot. Then, if they missed a shot, the game would go into overtime because Arbor wouldn't have a chance to score.

The seconds ticked away. Forty seconds to go; thirty; twenty; they looked for an opening in Arbor's defense. With five seconds to go Jack broke for the basket, Ted Blake fed him a perfect pass. He laid the ball gently against the backboard but at too sharp an angle. The ball rolled off the rim as the gun sounded.

Jack stood with his head down as the team got instructions for the overtime. Tears swelled in his eyes as his teammates told him to shake it off. "I could have won the game; I let the team down when they needed me. The coach won't let me play in the overtime," he thought to himself. However, his thoughts proved wrong as the coach said, "Same team that finished the game will start the overtime."

The first three minute overtime started, and Arbor got the first basket. Richmond worked the ball around. It came to Jack and he started to drive in for the basket. However he took steps and Arbor took the ball. They brought the ball down quickly and scored. Red Shultz scored for Richmond, but Arbor led by four points. Ted Blake was fouled and awarded one shot. He made it. A minute and a half remained in the overtime.

As Arbor worked the ball around Don Young intercepted an attempted pass into the center. Richmond trailed by three.

They worked the ball around deliberately. As Bill Sanders got the ball, Jack came out to help him. Bill passed the ball to Jack, Jack passed to Blake, but Arbor's stocky little guard intercepted the pass and dribbled all the way in for the basket.

Richmond brought the ball up quickly. One minute remained. Young fired a twenty-foot set shot that snapped the net and cut Arbor's lead to three points.

Richmond pressed all over the court

and Red Shultz stole the ball and passed it to Blake who made the basket.

One half minute to go and Arbor leading by one point. They eluded the all court press and got the ball up the court. They passed it back and forth. Fifteen seconds to go! Red leaped through the air and deflected an Arbor pass. Blake scooped the ball up and drove down the court. It was two on one; Blake passed to Ward. Jack shot! The crowd groaned as the shot missed its mark and the final gun sounded. But wait. Jack was fouled. He gets two shots. If he makes them both Richmond will win the game and the State championship.

Jack stepped to the line and set himself. The referee handed him the ball. He noticed that his hand was shaking. "I've got to make it," he thought. He fingered the ball and concentrated on the rim. The crowd was quiet. He bent slightly, arched the ball toward the basket. The crowd roared as the ball swished the twine. The officials attempted to quiet them. Jack still has one more shot. If he makes this one Richmond will be State champs.

The crowd finally quieted down. Jack took the ball, fingered it, looked at the rim and shot. The ball arched up, hit the front of the rim, bounced up and went in.

The crowd poured onto the floor, yelling and shouting and cheering. Jack's teammates rushed to him, hoisted him to their shoulders and carried him off the floor.

by Jim Smith

Escape

All around us close and near.
Oh, to be far away from fear
And then someday I'll flee from here,
Be far away, where life and love
Are free and clear.

by Mary Covell

Different

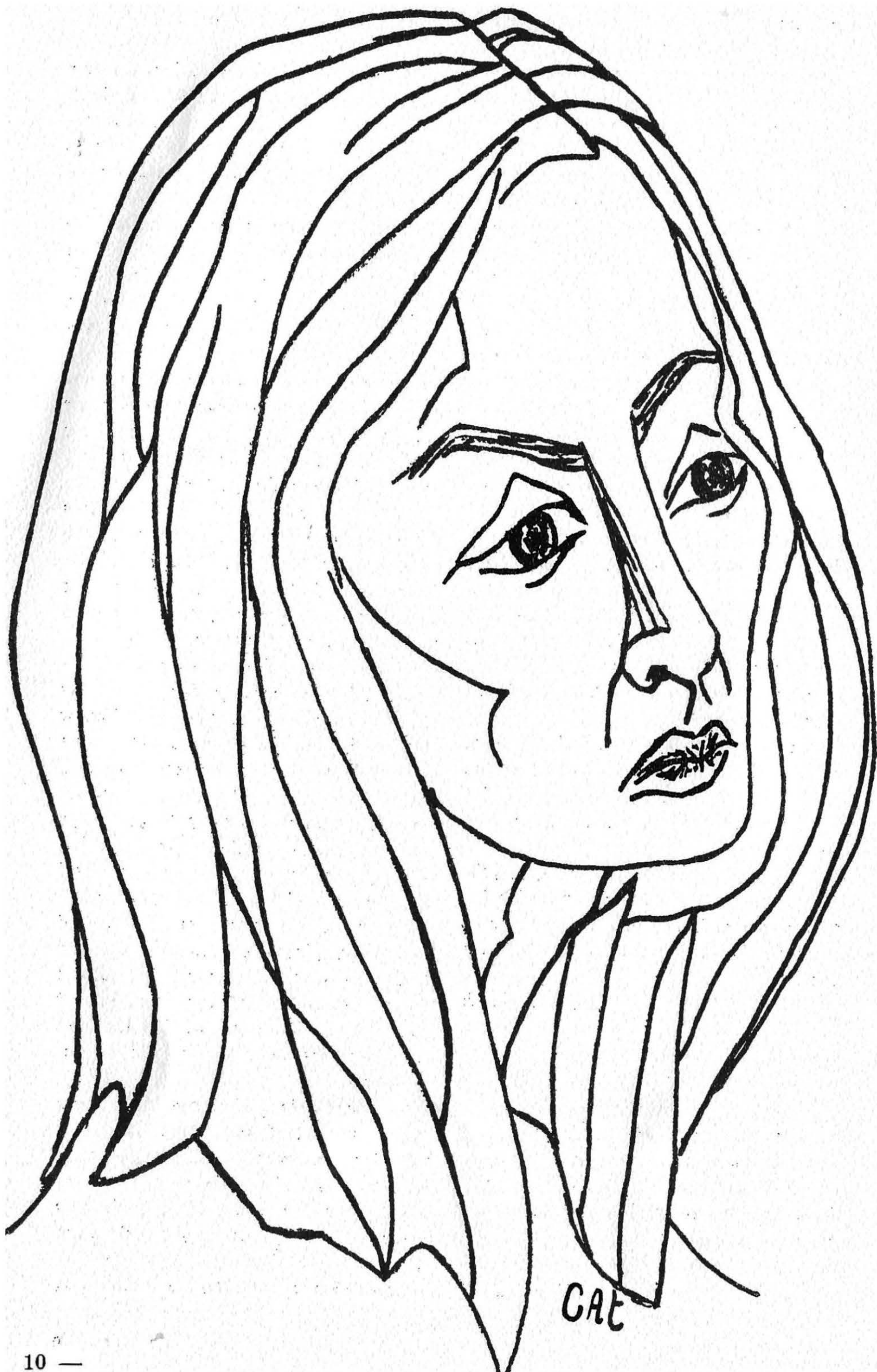
Am I different? You would most likely say so when you see me walking down the halls at school. Maybe there is something wrong with me. Perhaps that is why no one seems to want to talk to me or even just smile at me. I see all the other kids walking down the halls with someone, but never with me. Somehow I always walk down the halls alone, this way I feel as though I'm just moving, walking, but where? Just space----nothing.

Maybe it's because of my clothes, they aren't pretty like everybody else's, or perhaps it's because I'm not as nice looking as the other girls, but I can't help it. My parents just can't seem to find the money to give me to spend like the other kid's have, what with all the other kids in our family. It is there at least that I feel wanted, by the younger ones, but that's probably because I have to do everything for them.

Now take Ma, for instance. She's always doing something for everybody else, but somehow never for me. I know that she is busy and that I am the oldest and should be able to take care of myself, but. Father? oh yes! I see him sometimes, but he's always busy, too. I always try to be good, but I always do something wrong. I remember once when I was real small, I wanted the little puppy in the pet store and I told him that I had broken my piggy-bank to help pay for it, but he said that we couldn't afford it, and when I started to cry, he hit me and kept hitting me, so that the next day when I went to school the kids laughed at me.

That was a long time ago. Now I am still unwanted--I guess that just nobody loves or wants me: maybe someday there will be someone perhaps to hold my hand like the other girls' boy friends do, and just maybe he'd even ask me to the Prom, but there is just no one--no one.

by Carmell Quast



Jaimey, My Love

The afternoon was still and pink, and shadows played in the lace of the dusty Spanish moss. Far away on another hill she saw the white pillars of her home, gray beneath the shade of giant oaks. The afternoon was fading and she felt the still of dusk cover the earth.

"Come, Jaimey, come."

The air was still and cool. She knelt and touched the gray.

"I've missed you."

A soft wind pulled at the folds of her dress and her hand was slow and gentle when she touched.

"Don't speak, Jaimey. Let me remember long ago. The time was happy, then, wasn't it? The fields were green. I remember. The sun gave the wheat silver tops when the wind blew and we loved then, didn't we?"

She brushed the grass and it made her smile, but the smile was quiet and worn.

"The moon was bright then, too, and you pinned violets in my hair. They were alive and soft and I loved you, Jaimey. I loved my Mammy too . . . and Joseph. He was so strong and near ten feet tall, I think. Where is Joseph? Where did he go? Did he follow you, Jaimey? Why did you go away, Jaimey? You didn't like the war. Why did you go?"

"I didn't like the war either, Jaimey. The darkies ran away . . . did Joseph go with them? . . . and we were alone."

"The soldiers came and threw open the doors. They marched dirty and torn through the rooms and slept on the floor. They were dirty and torn and the wounded left their blood on the carpets."

Her heart looked back into the dim long ago and she closed her eyes because she saw. She remembered the rain and the doors flung wide where the sergeant stood with his dirty red beard bushed around his face. She remembered the

rain turning their dusty bodies to ugly mud statues; and Jaimey had been one of these hungry blue-covered men.

"You shoudn't have gone North, Jaimey. You were wrong. You broke your father's heart. He was ashamed. He bowed his head and he was ashamed."

The chill of evening fell to earth but the cold of night blew on the gray.

"That was long ago, Jaimey my love. The moon is dull on my eyes now and violets die in my fingers."

"Your lips are cold and my heart cries alone. The dew still comes in the morning and the wind cools the night. Time goes on . . . but we are left behind, Jaimey. They all laugh at us now."

She was bent when she stood in the light of dusk . . . alone.

"Good-bye, Jaimey my love. Soon, I'll come soon. My heart is cold and I'll come soon, Jaimey."

The wind blew hard and cold when she left and the words bit deeper in the gray.

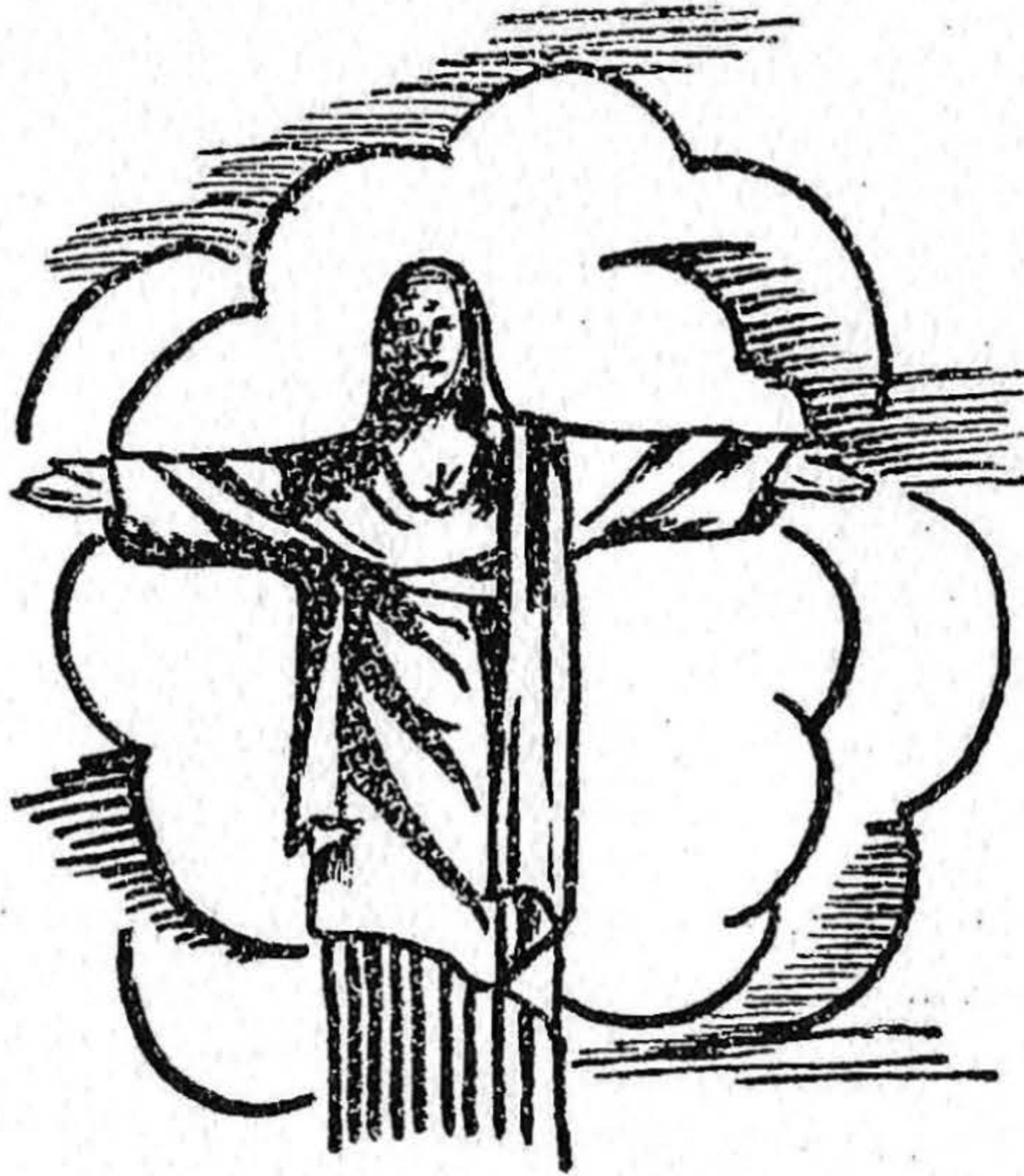
Jaimes Wallace Anderson, born 1838, died 1863.

by Joy Hartfelder

Chinook

Heavy around you
Lies the night air.
The snow
Under your feet,
Gray from age,
Slowly melts,
The life slowly dripping
Out
Of
It.

by Jack Flood



Powerful

Power it has. The capability of changing the course of the world is its alone. It dominates and belittles even the most powerful bomb the world has ever known. It is this which brought about every change that is important to the human race. It is more complicated than any machine conceivable, and it never has met its equal with anything ever created.

This, which has superlative majesty, is also the basis of the evolution of the world. For it is the creator of all new ideas. Is not the atom bomb the result of a new idea? Is not every invention which has ever benefited mankind a result of a new idea?

The human mind is the holder of all this power. It has greater power than any bomb, for it made the bomb.

Every person has control of this instrument of creation, and therefore every person has within his grasp, the key to everything wonderful and glorious, and he can use this key only if he asks his mind; it will open the door to a peaceful word.

"Ask, and it will be given you."

by John Stokes

Our World

Our firmament has the moon and stars.
It also has the planet Mars.

We send up satellites and things;
Around the planets they make rings.
God gave life to all the earth.

To man and animals He gave birth.
He made two of every kind,
And he gave them all a mind.

God to the wicked gave punishment,
And the flood to them he sent.

Noah and his family were saved,
But all the others went to their grave.

Noah's sons produced new nations,
And they started new plantations.
The nations were of black, red and white
That's why with them we should not
fight.

When America was found by explorers,
White men first found the warriors;
"Indians" Columbus named them,

As into their land they wended.

And as the time went,
Washington became our President.

He was very just and fair.

A man like him was very rare.

After him came many more,

And they all did their chore.

That is why we all are free,

All a part of one family tree.

by Ronald Loessel

Hate!

Gus and Gertrude

One day while a man named Gus was working in his workshop, he got the idea to build a submarine. So Gus started working hard, and it was not long before the submarine was completed. He was just putting the finishing touches on it when he remembered that the nearest body of water was five hundred miles away. Remembering this, he sat down and thought awhile. Soon he was up and working again. When he was done, the submarine looked like a huge gopher. He then christened it "Gertrude, the Dry Land Submarine." The next day he decided to take Gertrude for a test ride. He got in and pressed the starter. Gertrude began digging her way through the ground at the rate of sixty miles per hour. When he returned home, he got a call from an oil well digging company. The company offered him fourteen million dollars for Gertrude. Gus hated to part with her but he needed the money. Gus sold her for delivery next day. That night he heard noises coming from some dirt piles behind his house. He got dressed and went to investigate the noise. When he got there, he was very surprised, for there crawling around the dirt were five little Gertrudes, while big Gertrude beamed brightly. This made Gus very happy for now he could go into the business of raising dry land submarines. As for you people who doubt this story, if you will go to any near-by oil well you will find several sets of huge gopher tracks. Which undoubtedly proves that Gertrude was there.

by Elroy Wood

Hate is a burning, crawling thing. It creeps into one's body and sets its entirety aflame. It makes man want to scream, to flight, to kill; and I have hate, burning and churning and knowing away at my soul like a volcano about to erupt. At the same time my inner self fights an unceasing battle against this irresistible force in the hopes of warding it off.

It's a brutal thing, hate, writhing back and forth within the soul, burning and choking until there is no decency remaining. Little by little this thing gains ground and overtakes the entire body. The being is then governed by the devil and becomes a demon of his making.

The being soon becomes a social outcast and a self-control lacking individual. If this type of governing continues, his associates are apt to become victims of his vicious personality and they, too, will become useless and merely exist, not live. They will also learn to believe that the only things worth while are those from which they receive direct benefit.

Life soon becomes a constant turmoil and they make it miserable for everyone, and unknowingly for themselves as well.

by J. K. Gwisdala

School

To some students school is a great, forboding wall, much too high to ever climb; teachers and books are statues and stones to hinder and make life miserable.

For others, school is a gateway to the land of opportunities, and the road to success.

by Polly Hicks

The Mission

It was my first mission; an important one to be entrusted to a man so young—I was proud and honored. My only instructions were to find a new place to settle our people since our planet was becoming overpopulated.

I made the long, uneventful journey alone. When I reached my destination, I was suprised at the desolation about me. It looked like the moon and I wondered if perhaps I had miscalculated my course; but as I went further on, I saw signs of civilization. I finally came upon a primitive village with people running frantically from here to there and yet seeming to get nowhere. I made mental notations as well as writing some in my note-book--primitive forms of transportation, rather crude forms of communication, etc. However, the inhabitants appeared prosperous, in general, and closely resembled our people, physically.

When night fell, I decided to observe their forms of amusement and entertainment. The favorite I found to be "television." This led me to surmise that perhaps this race was deteriorating intellectually as I found very few engaged in reading or any pursuit of culture. Taking a second look at their variety of "television" programs, I was almost afraid to venture into a larger city for fear of finding the streets infested with gangsters and juvenile delinquents. Nevertheless, I did go to one of their larger cities, as it was my duty. I spent that night in a rather large hotel which was comfortable, but old-fashioned and without the modern conveniences to which I am accustomed.

Mother Knows Best

My mother always said
"Don't let your thoughts run loose.

Be yourself; use your head;
Be an engine, not a caboose."

by Karen Horn

The next morning, I continued my observation. I was astonished to find that there was much racial discrimination, something I certainly did not expect to see in a country which considered itself so far advanced and highly civilized. Their educational system was far behind ours, but I had expected that. Taking notice of their sports, I found that the majority engaged in spectator sports only, a fact which perhaps accounted for their being, with few exceptions, rather flabby and physically unfit. An investigation of their economic situation revealed that food was not evenly distributed throughout the population, although there seemed to be plenty of surplus to go around. However, I did find evidence of efforts being made to help these less fortunate people. With this investigation, my mission was completed.

Now I have returned and have submitted my report to our chief. As I look back on my mission on that planet, in their most prosperous country, I realize there are many reasons why the planet is entirely unsuited to our people and their needs. It is already overpopulated in many areas. As for the inhabitants, the great majority have a distorted sense of values, are prejudiced, fearful and self-centered. They would be totally unable to accept our people who are so highly devoloped mentally and spiritually. Yet, I feel that it has been a valuable experience and will be useful when I am sent on a similar mission to another of the panets in our endless universe.

by Cindy Fanger

Money

Money can't buy happiness.

This I do not doubt.

But I'd rather be miserable with it,
Than miserable without!

by Geniene Arsneau

Corridor To Death

You lay on the table and listened to her scream while you waited your turn. You wondered if you would scream, too. You thought not. After all, Kandy Windam was much worse off than you were, and besides, you were braver, you hoped.

They were coming for you now. First, they put you in water. It was warm and it bubbled around you playfully, you would have liked to splash around, but you had to lie quietly on the stretcher. You relaxed and became sleepy. What had they said this tank of water was named? Oh yes, it was called the Hubbard tank.

Sleep was almost upon you when the technician took you out of the water. She dried you off and put you on another table. Then they began the exercises. Now you knew why Kandy had been screaming. You cried and begged them to stop. They couldn't stop and you knew it, but you had to ask. The pain went on until you thought you couldn't stand it any longer. Then it was all over for another day. You were taken back to your room where you lay in the lap of pain and tried not to think about it.

You remembered how it had started.

That Friday your family had gone to grandma's to see your aunt, uncle, and cousins. You didn't stay very long, but it was just long enough. It took your cousin, Joe, three days to die. Friday, he didn't feel well. Saturday, he was in the hospital. Sunday morning, he was dead. That Saturday you tried to play. Some how your muscles wouldn't do what you told them. You couldn't keep up with the other kids. Soon, you had to go inside. You kept falling down. Mommy and Daddy were worried. Daddy asked you to put your chin down on your chest. You tried, but it hurt too much.

The next morning when you awoke,

the first thing you realized was that you were in a great deal of pain. Then you saw the doctor sitting on the edge of the bed. Usually, you didn't like him because he always tickled you. He didn't this time, and his face was serious. The next thing you knew you were walking down a long corridor in the hospital. It was getting awfully hard to walk. Your legs were so stiff. Your baby sister, Melissa, had come, too. You could tell she would be pretty even though she was less than a year old. Something seemed wrong with her left arm, and she cried all the time.

Eventually the room filled with four other girls. It was crowded, but an epidemic had hit Bay City. You remember Kandy Windam. Her case was both tragic and ironic. She had almost won entire use of her paralyzed right arm and leg only to be struck down by another killer, cancer.

After seven weeks had passed, you went home. There was no paralysis, but you knew you would never be the same. You couldn't run as fast nor play as hard as the other kids. You tired easily.

What was it you had? It was....oh, you know. It's that disease everybody's taking those three shots for.

* * *

You don't remember much of the next two weeks. The pain and Missy's crying became hazy memories. One thing remains clear, the heat. That August, it lay over the city like a heavy wool blanket. You felt every degree of it. It was almost impossible to be comfortable. After the two weeks of isolation, details become clearer. They tell you you almost died during those two weeks. Once, they thought you had. You don't remember. What you do remember are the tears in your mother's eyes and the feel of her hand after what seemed an eternity of waiting.

Christopher Vallender

The Seventh Christmas

They had trimmed the tree, all of them, even small Nina, and it was surely the most beautiful Christmas tree that Santa would visit over all the world. Above the pink and winter faces of the children, it stood tall and straight and protecting and was much too gigantic for the room touched with scents of damp pine, strung popcorn and butter cookies.

They had dressed it well. It shone silver tinsel and glory; and there were ropes of cranberries and corn and yards of cotton on the bottom; bells and elves and shining balls with all their smiles in red and pink and blue; pine cones dipped in dyes of purest white; Christmas branches with bright red ribbons pinned to the fireplace where stood the two white angels against a broad flat mirror; holly and mistletoe; scents of Christmas day; wreaths outside the door; whirling skirts of happy children; orange glow from dying birch flames; steaming windows by the kitchen stove; and Christmas cookies; warm and hot from the oven; silent awe when the evening came and they saw their work; smiles and love; and on the place near the tall, strong pine, the manger scene in solemn beauty. The Christmas was here. The tree was trimmed and stood well above them. And so the trees of other homes stood.

In the sky faint hints of a promised snow were present to answer hopes of a white Christmas. By evening it had begun and the streets were swept in white shadows. The city was lit by the glow of warm fires shining through the windows, while groups of children in wool plaid scarfs walked along the streets singing "Silent Night" with red faces and damp, frosted hair; the people listened by their hearths and they were touched, as they should be. So it was on this winter night.

"Well, it's done. And very well done, too, even if I do say so myself."

"It is beautiful," Beth agreed.

And somewhere out at sea this very moment there was someone who would think it was the most beautiful tree he had ever seen. Together, they wished for him then in the dim shadows of pine and the soft hum of "Silent Night."

"Will he come home to us, Mummy?" It was Beth again with shy sadness bared beneath the poise she held so precious in her young womanhood.

But Mother was silent and only heard the words.

"Beth, is Santa Claus real?"

"Why Nina, what a question to ask. Don't you know?"

"He is real isn't he? He is! But Jeanie said he wasn't, and she lied. I knew she was telling a fib; I knew it!"

"Oh, go to sleep and don't think about it, little one. Someday you'll understand about things like that, but now you're just too young. Do you see? Go to sleep now, Nina."

"Oh, please, Beth, please!"

"Well, he's not real in the sense that you think he is, but he lives in the hearts of...."

"Then why did you say Jeanie lied? She did tell the truth. He never was real. He was a fairytale for children, and you all probably watched and laughed at me. Oh, she did tell the truth, and now everything is spoiled!"

"Don't cry, little Nina, nothing is spoiled. It's just the same as it always was."

She did not look at Beth in the moonlit room. "No, it isn't. It will never be the same. I thought Santa Claus was someone alive and happy and good, and now it's all over. It is so sad, Beth. I think I'll go to sleep now. I'm awfully tired all of a sudden."

And in the night, after the moon had gone to hide beyond the stars, little Nina wept ever so softly for a world that still seemed part of her, even though she knew it was gone forever.

But there he stood. In a robe of red he was, and like no picture she had ever seen. She dared not move for fear he might leave the room and her heart forever. He was silent, but she would have known wherever she saw him, for his eyes were kind and full of love. She dared to peek from under the winter scented white and blue of the thickest quilt, and she saw. So close he was that she could have lifted her cold pink toes and touched his hand, yet so far away he seemed in truthful presence that she imagined stardust falling from the colored majesty of his robe. She felt a closeness toward him she could not explain, but the face loved her, she knew. It was like her father's, and she knew that he was truly the Christmas time.

Oh, have you come to me? Did you choose me? She wanted to touch the face that smiled so softly, but she was afraid it would end and she would wake to find an empty place where he stood so huge above her. "Oh, thank you," she thought, and she felt that she had heard her love over the intense beating of her own foolish heart. "Oh, thank you."

He had gone, and in the stillness where she dared not move for fear she would forget his image, she looked at her sister Beth, lying so silent beside her, and she smiled. Indeed, she could have laughed.

"Oh, look, Mom, it's still snowing. How wonderful our Christmas morning would be if Daddy were here. He loves the snow so. The presents! Nina! Get up. Look there's a big one over there for you."

"Girls, girls! No time for presents now. You've slept your limit, and the gifts will have to wait. Rush into your clothes now and after church you may dismantle all those lovely ribbons."

"Do they have Christmas trees at sea with red bulbs on them and angels at the top?"

"I don't believe so, Nina. Now you hurry, or we'll be late."

"All right, we're coming, we're coming."

"Look, Moms. Poor old George has brought the carriage around, and his nose is almost as red as Johnny Newbrook's face when he was caught holding hands with Dora Newlson in school last week. You should have seen that boy, Moms; he really was a sight."

"Yes, yes, now hurry on, I said . . . well, go on, Nina. Why are you standing there with your mouth open?"

"I just wanted to tell you that last night. When I was almost asleep I saw . . ."

"Tell me later dear . . . this bonnet just won't last 'till next year . . . Nina!"

And with the ribbon of one huge package obviously retied by mischievous hands in a moment when suspicion was most unlikely to be set upon them, the family stepped along the cobbled walk now thick with drifts of snow, and rode away in the dark, frosting-topped carriage.

They took one last glance at the tree which was visible through the squares of glass in the patch-work window and laughed gaily in the morning sun. Their voices, blown back by the ice-edged wind, fell softly on the doorstep . . . "We'll have apple-pie" . . . "I wish Daddy were here," . . . "and cranberries and turkey" . . .

The church was filled to the stained-oak balcony, and even where the old, hoarse, pipe-organ sat, a few people had refuged from below.

The iron black bell that rang so solemnly every Sunday had miraculously changed its tone and now clanged in strong, true, joyful notes sounding throughout the town and the near countryside, cutting the cold Christmas wind and echoing the voices of a noble

people who sat inside and threw back their heads and sang as they had never sung for their Lord God before. It was wonderful!

"Noel, Noel, Noel, Noel . . . born is the King of Israel."

"Now, don't you dare clutter up my living room with Christmas wrappings. The basket is right over there and . . ."

"Oh, Moms, look! It's the most beautiful doll in the whole world." That was Nina.

"A white muff! Oh, Mother, just what I've always wanted . . . and a music box!"

She wound the key, and the tune tingled through the merry house, as did the voices of their love.

"The dinner will be done soon, children."

"A dinner for royalty." Princess Beth curtsied with unequaled grace as she sampled the cranberry sauce on one dainty finger.

"Beth Alan!"

The princess drooped and licked the pink stained hand. "Well..."

"Now you may be seated."

"Moms?"

"What is it, Nina?"

"Is Santa Clause real?"

"Well now," she paused, "what makes you ask a question like that?"

"Beth said he wasn't...but I saw him last night after everything was asleep."

"Nina, you couldn't have. I was sleeping right beside you and I didn't..."

"Hush, Beth. Tell us the rest dear."

"He stood at the foot of my bed and smiled at me. He wore a long red robe, and I was afraid for a while, but he loved me Mommy. He looked like Daddy when he came up to kiss me good-bye before he went away. He loved me."

"Oh, Nina! I've heard enough of this. Why don't you tell her, Mother? There is no Santa Clause. He's make-believe and you never saw him, Nina!"

"Maybe she did, Beth," His voice was deep and came slowly from inside. "Some of the most real things in the world will never be touched or seen...but they're there just the same. They make us laugh and cry and love and they never change. Always the same, they stay with us. The spirit of the Christmas lives, too. And he will live on as long as there are smiles."

"Daddy, Daddy, Daddy..."

Christmas is a special thing. It is warm and good; and love, when it comes in the Christmas time, is a spirit.

by Joy Hartfelder

Music at Christmas

Christmas is most significant.
Songs are heard each day—
Bells are ringing,
People singing
All a part of that glorious day.

Our saviour reigned—
Eternal birth.
Eternal savior bring
Upon a manger
In a stable
Joy and life, and angels sing
Glory to God,

Glory almighty!
All of heaven
Resound his praise,
For a lonely baby born
On one long Christmas day
Reigns forever, hope on high.

Echo, echo songs of carols
From the angels heard above.
Let the people praise and serve Him,
God and his beloved Son.

by Mary Covell

Hurt Pride

Through ten years of my life, I lived with the universal pet, a dog. He was not much to look at. His breed was cockerspaniel and some unknown mixture. He was black and curly, with huge soft brown eyes that reflected his moods.

We did not raise him from a pup. He was given to us when he was two years old. He was a well-trained dog and never made "doggy messes," which is the peril of having a puppy.

"Paddy," as we called him for his over-large paws, lavished his affection on his new family. In his youth he was playful and spirited. He certainly wasn't an intelligent dog. We could never teach him any tricks except that of fetching a ball for us. Even then he would adamantly refuse to hand it over completely, but delighted in teasing us, by his unferocious growls.

Eventually Paddy faded more into the background of our family life. A baby sister interfered with the attention which once was his. We did not purposely neglect or ignore him. He would still run over to our side and bump his back-end over our foot begging to be rubbed. But there was not always time to play, and pet his now-greying silky fur.

One summer, because of the new baby, we found it impossible to take Paddy with us, as we usually did, on our vacation. We had to leave him with some friendly neighbors. Even as we were packing, Paddy sensed that vacation time was near. He would romp excitedly between the luggage. Did he know we were leaving, and did he expect to go along?

Paddy stayed home with the neighbors. When we returned we noticed that Paddy wasn't home in the evening. He wasn't around for meals. Once in a while he would be gone for two or three days, reappearing with complete nonchalance. Where was he? He had adopted the

neighbors' home in scorn for us who had left him behind. Eventually Paddy was seldom seen in our house. He was now a visitor to us. His adopted family welcomed him, babied him and fed him.

The years passed quickly. Paddy was eleven years old. He never ignored us, his affection for us was still present, even though he spent most of his time away from us. Looking into his sad, droopy eyes the far away expression ever present on his face, I began to wonder if we had inflicted a depressing sorrow upon our pet.

One evening Paddy became ill and insisted upon being let outside. We never saw him alive again. He died, awhile later. For his death bed, he chose the porch of his adopted family, sticking to his hurt pride, and finally abandoning us for good.

by Carol Timmons

Adieu

How sad flow the streams
In the valley below.
How to prove that I love you
I will never know.

You say that you love me,
You say you are true,
But among all your kind words
Are lying ones too.

Although I have sworn
That I love, I know
You will not believe me,
And so I must go.

I thank you for moments of
Of joy we did share,
And I hope that your luck
Will be better elsewhere.

by Mary Covell



The Forgotten Trapper

Old Joe's knee touched the damp frosty ground as he released a cold furry mass from his trap. As he knelt there he remembered another November morning just one year before.

He had come to his trap on his usual rounds, and to his surprise he found a small tan puppy whimpering in pain. Tight jaws of the trap clamped its tiny right forepaw. Old Joe had released the small pitiful creature, and had taken it home with him to the safety and comfort of his small selfbuilt cottage.

Just then he was brought back to the present by the nudging wet nose of the huge tan mongrel at his side. Pup, for that was what Old Joe called him, looked at his master with those same huge brown eyes which had pleaded for freedom from the trap a year ago. However there was no longer fear and pain in his eyes but trust and an undying faith.

If Pup could have described Old Joe, he would have seen beneath the aged trapper's mask. It is true that on the surface Old Joe looked like a typical hermit with only his nose and eyes peeping from under his grizzly beard. But Pup would have seen in Old Joe a happy old man secure in his small cottage, and feeding on the satisfaction of being close to nature and free in the out of doors. Beneath those grizzly brows gleamed a pair of twinkling blue eyes, and beneath those shabby clothes could be found a heart full of love and kindness.

As they trudged in silent contentment back toward their small cottage, both Pup and Old Joe were longing for the warm fire and the food which they would find there.

Now as they settled themselves, Old Joe in his crude but comfortable chair

and Pup on his meager rug, they felt the soothing warmth and comfort which crept outward from the crackling fire. They sat there in restful quiet, while outside the night grew cold and clear, and only a crescent of a moon shown among the stars.

Soon from near the shed where Old Joe kept his furs there came a rumbling and a scratching sound. Pup leapt up and ran toward the door. Old Joe, thinking that someone might be stealing his furs, took his rifle from where it lay on its wooden pegs. He unbarred the door and went out forgetting Pup as the door closed and rebarred itself. Pup whined and scratched at the door, but he was locked in. The four walls now seemed like a prison closing all around him.

Meanwhile Old Joe crept stealthily about in the cold night. The clearness and the silence of that night were only broken by the hooting of an owl in the distance. Shivers tingled up and down Old Joe's spine. He saw a deep mass lurking in the shadows. Boldly, rifle in hand he started toward the mass.

There was a roar, and then a shot. A deadly silence followed, and only the whimpering of Pup could be heard. Then as if in an explosion, there came a roar as loud as the loudest thunder, and agony filled cries pierced the air. In the noise there was the unheard tearing of flesh and the dripping of the blood which came from both man and beast. For Pup this seemed to last for hours, yet he was helpless. Finally there were only Old Joe's muffled gasps of breath, and then silence.

Pup did not sleep through that still night, he merely stared with glassy eyes, and cried within. Never again would he see his master, or trot through

the woods at his heels. Pup knew what had happened. An animal can sense the silence of death when it is all about.

The dawn was gray. There was no sun or rain. The scene was a small desolate cottage surrounded by bare black trees reaching hopelessly toward a deep cloudy sky. Beneath it all lay a man and a beast dead in the silent dawn.

A neighbor passed by that morning and saw the dreadful scene. Pup stood by as he lowered the ghostly figure of a trapper into the cold ground. Yes, the neighbor buried Old Joe deep in the frosty ground, and placed a crude hand-carved cross upon that resting place. The neighbor tried to take Pup with him, but Pup did not move. He only stood in stillness and stared at the wooden cross. Then the neighbor took the beast and left. When he was alone again Pup lay down upon his master's grave and closed his sad brown eyes and slept.

All that remains of Old Joe, and Pup, and the beast is a vague memory. But on a still cold night when the moon is like a crescent among the stars, the moan of man and beast can be heard in the deadly silence.

by Janet McGunegle

Wild Horses

Pounding hoofbeats in the sand
Like thunder from a distant land.
Flickering fire runs in their veins
As they fly over the sandy plains.
Free and wild they live and die
Under the blazing western sky.

by Cheryl Walls

The Heartbroken Two

As I was walking down the street,
I happened, then, to see
A lad whom I but once did meet,
Who sweetly greeted me.
This lad came up to me and said,
"Hello, how have you been?"
He said that he had not been fed
Since he had left the pen.
I asked him what he was there for,
He said, he had been framed.
Some man came knocking at his door,
To say he would be blamed.
He said he asked the man, "For what?"
But did not get an answer.
The man walked in and down he sat
A gun aimed at his collar.
"But sir," he said, "What did I do?"
No answer did he get.
"I'm going to give this box to you,
A bomb is in it set."
He made him take it to a spot,
Where money could be found.
As he arrived, right on the dot,
A siren loud did sound.
The law had caught him in the act,
Though he'd done it by force.
I must admit he used no tact,
In planning out his course.
But he was sent to prison,
A place he always feared,
And I decided we were done,
He'd come back had he cared.
He said he constantly did think
Of me while behind bars,
Though there was nothing I could link
With him, while counting stars.
We now, at last, had found each other,
It mattered little now
For I was wed to another
And I must keep my vow.

by Joan Schmidt

An Even Trade

She was struck with terror as she heard the dull thud and saw his small crumpled body flung against the pavement. She screamed and ran toward him. Even as she knelt she could see death's cold fingers close around him. She sobbed and felt dizziness taking hold of her. When she woke, they told her he was dead.

Ruth stood at the window, watching the children play in the warm sunshine. "One month," she thought. "One month since ----- Why couldn't it have been one of them? Why did it have to be my Johnny?" She jerked the curtains shut, alarmed and shocked at her hateful thoughts. Then she hurried around to finish supper; Ben would be home soon.

When he came in he told her that she looked tired. He led her to the sofa and said, "Sit down, I have something to tell you. You know that little kid Johnny used to play with? Randy Martin? His folks were killed in an auto accident today." He rushed on. "We got the news at the paper and — well — I offered to keep him here until he can be taken care of. There's no one else." In the silence that followed she just stared at him unbelieving. "You know," he went on, "if this had happened to Johnny, I sure would like to know that someone would want to take him in."

She sat, staring out the window and trying to understand why Ben had done this. Then she nodded.

And so a new little boy came to live with them. But Ruth and Ben soon found that Randy could make them laugh just as Johnny had. Randy could cause as much panic with his mischief and as much peace with his quiet, loving gestures. He soon burrowed himself as deeply into their hearts, hopes, and thoughts as Johnny had. Yet Ruth wondered why things happened as they did. And still a trace of bitterness dwelled deep inside her.

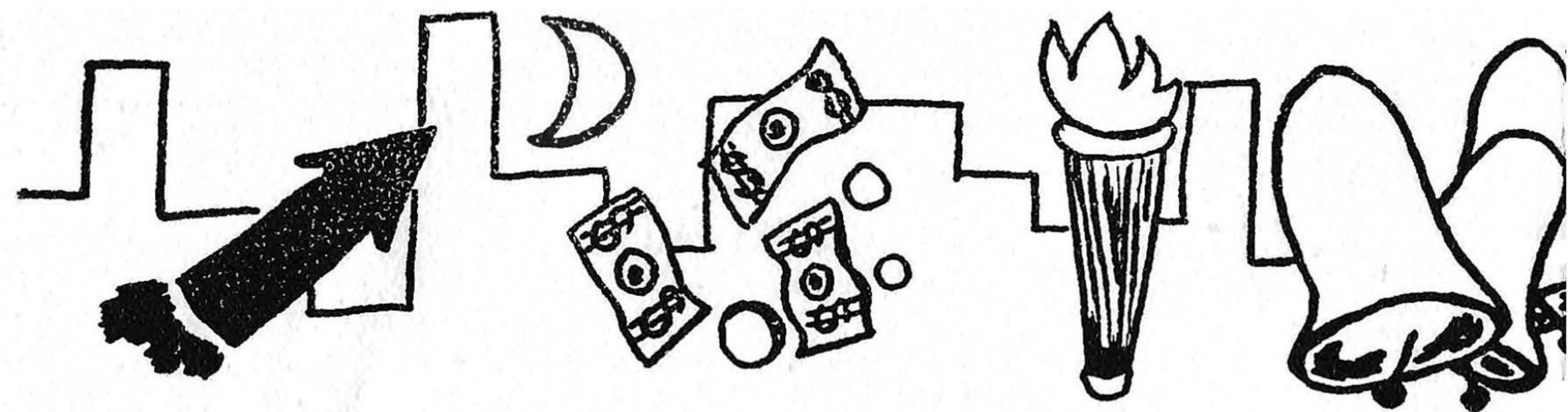
One night as she was tucking Randy in he looked up at her with bright-eyed innocence and told her that he understood that his mommy and daddy were never coming back; that he knew Johnny was gone for good, too. Then with the wisdom that only a seven-year-old could possess, he whispered, "I guess maybe you and Mommy made a trade. I guess maybe she's watching over Johnny just like you're watching over me, 'cause that way nobody's alone. Mommy and Daddy and Johnny's happy, and you and Uncle Ben and me are happy. It worked out just right, didn't it?" She kissed his cheek and one of her tears watered the kiss. Then she whispered, "It sure did, Randy. It worked out fine!"

by Geniene Arsneau

Autumn Leaves

Like many dainty fairies darting gracefully through the brisk air,
Like many colorful insects racing to find food,
Like many graceful birds migrating to a new home,
Autumn leaves float to their final resting place on the ground.

by Jim Hill



My True Security

Handy Winner of Jaycee Contest

NARRATOR: What is true security? Is it money or love? It could be, but it might be something entirely different. Would you feel secure with a teddy bear? Probably not, but a five year old boy or girl might. You see, everyone has his own idea of what true security is.

Standing beside me is Edward Kahn, a Jewish person who fled Germany and came to the United States during the war. Mr. Kahn is now a U. S. citizen, but has a past he will never forget. I'm sure many of us would be interested in knowing what your idea of true security is and how a person finds his true security.

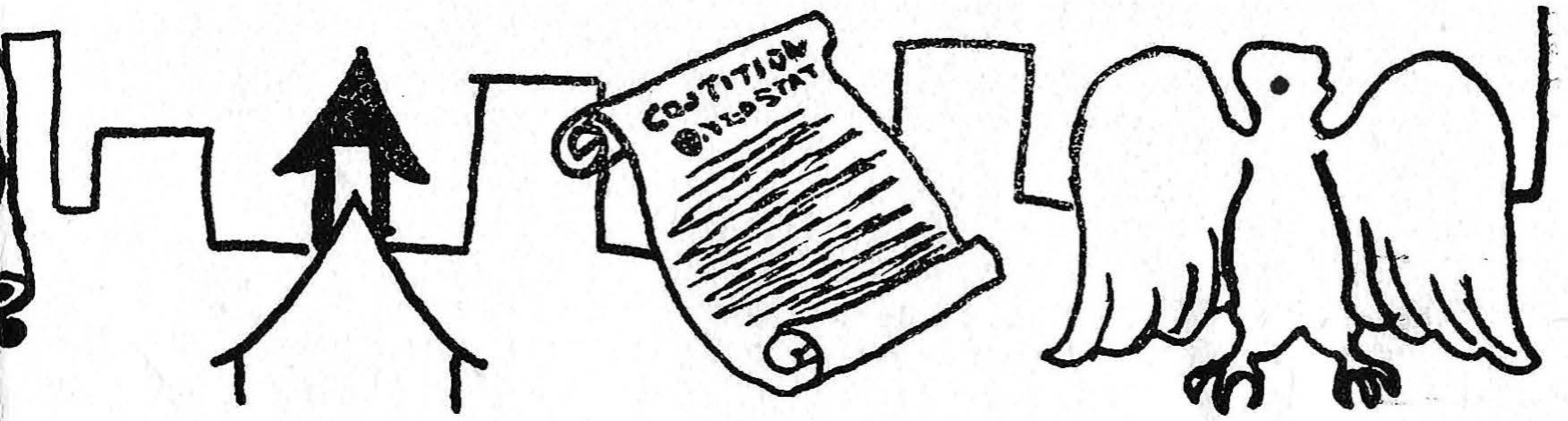
MR. KAHN: Back in the time of Hitler the Jewish people, as you know, were being killed and driven off by Hitler to form what he called a perfect race. My wife and two children, Louis, who was four, and George, five, owned a small farm in the outskirts of Berlin. When Hitler came into power we had to move and keep moving or be killed. At that time all we wished for was a place to live a peaceful normal life. If we could have anything in the world, that is what we would have chosen.

Now that we are in America I feel I have obtained true security. My wife and two children are still liv-

ing; we have a nice home, and I have a good job. This is all we ever hoped for. I do not care that I do not have better clothes than everyone else, have a fancier home, or bigger car. As a matter of fact, I don't even own a car and have no desire to do so. My next door neighbor, however, has an entirely different idea of what true security really is. He would not be content with the things I have. He wants a bigger car, bigger house, and bigger everything. This is probably because he has had all his life what I now have for the first time. I believe a person finds his true security somewhere above what he has been accustomed to.

NARRATOR: Thank you, Mr. Kahn. I'm sure this has put a new idea in the minds of many of our people. What Mr. Kahn said of his neighbor the majority of people in our country would feel. Most of us want everything bigger than what we have been accustomed to having. We would not feel secure in the same kind of atmosphere all our lives. As Mr. Kahn says "... a person finds his true security somewhere above what he has been accustomed to."

by Jim Raymond



My True Security

Handy Runner-up in Jaycee Contest

What is my true security? Some people find it in their family, others find it in wealth, and others find it in God. Myself, I grew up looking for it. I found that my ideals, ambitions and what I wish to accomplish in life are my true security. I enjoy this confidence as a crutch to aid me in the more difficult steps toward adulthood. As I observe my friends, and various people meet every day, the thought always comes to my mind that what they consider to be their security is beneficial for them because everyone needs some kind of security; security is the freedom from anxiety that encourages people to enjoy life and to look forward to each new day.

I feel that my true security differs from other peoples because it is internal. I do not look for security in money. If I did, my desire for it might become insatiable. Although I have faith in God, his influence merely leads me toward more constructive thinking.

It may not seem unusual for a girl to seek security in a dream future, but

these personal ambitions and desires of mine are the only means with which I find peace of mind. Whatever opinions or ill-feelings there are that disturb me, their pain is dulled because I have confidence in what I am and what kind of person I know I'm going to be.

A smile indicating mockery is forced upon my face when I have discourse with a person who seeks security in wealth, material things, and outside influences. To me this isn't true security, but escape. These people seem unaware. If only I could speak up and explain that so many of them are missing the true meaning of happiness and that happiness is within themselves. But, I'm sure I'd be informed to keep my advice to myself.

Talking like this makes me think that perhaps I should not. But, somehow, I can't help feeling that I'm right. To really know what security is, you must look for it as I have, and I feel that by finding it I have taken another one of those difficult steps toward becoming a better individual.

by Cookie Shufelt

Retribution

Franz reclined on the chair, his back touching the wall. This little cafe outside Paris was just the place for Franz to sit and drown his troubles in a bottle of wine. His eyes focused on the worn tabletop and the half-empty bottle resting on it. His mind was summing up his financial situation. "Paris is a lousy place to gamble in," he muttered to himself. "With French taxes what they are, no one has the money to gamble for any profit."

Reaching forward to pour himself another glass of wine, he casually glanced up and spotted two men whispering to each other at a table across from his. One of the two was pointing a finger at him. As soon as the man saw Franz was aware of this, he quickly turned his face the other way and motioned his friend to do so also. The two men sat talking for a bit longer, then gave a final look at Franz out of the corner of their eyes, and arose to pay the cafe-keeper. Franz, his interest aroused by these actions, was on his feet in an instant. After tossing a coin on the table to pay for his drink, he slipped past the pair and darted out the door.

The two men stepped outside into the company of two more men. Of the first two, one stated that he must be getting home while the other one was in favor of the group traveling to another cafe for a few more rounds. They quibbled back and forth in the moonlight before breaking up, the three men going in one direction in search of another cafe, and the other man starting on his way home in the opposite direction.

He whistled a quiet tune as he plodded past the corner of the building. Out of the shadows came a stifled sound, a hand on the man's collar jerking him backwards, and then two hands closing about his throat. Franz had the man pinned to

the wall. "Talk, fool! Why were you pointing at me in there?"

"Have mercy," stammered the man, "I meant no offense. I was only remarking to my friend how closely you resemble the Marquis deLacy."

"DeLacy," snapped Franz, "what babble is this?"

"Tis true, sir," said the man, the initial shock receding. "Everyone knows the Marquis. He lives alone in a magnificent mansion five miles east of here. You look enough like him to be his twin brother."

"You better be telling the truth, little man. Now get out of here." The man scurried down the street without looking back once. Franz watched till he was out of sight, but the idea of looking like this marquis lingered on in his mind. "There might be some way to profit by this resemblance," thought Franz. His mind buzzed with ideas on how this might be done. Towards morning, he struck upon a possible answer to the idea.

"Sir, the Baron Schroeder has arrived," announced the butler to the Marquis in the study.

Ah, yes, the gentleman who wishes to meet his master at chess," the Marquis thought. "Convey my wish to him that I request meeting him immediately."

"Welcome to my estate, my dear Baron."

"Thank you, Marquis deLacy. It was most gracious of you to accept my challenge at such short notice."

"It really wasn't anything, my dear Baron. I know myself to be quite a master of the game. Your challenge shall provide me with a bit of entertainment."

"Then it is agreed, that we shall play until one of us wins six games in a row?" queried the Baron.

"That's quite to my satisfaction," replied the Marquis. "It's a shame your stay shall be so brief."

"That remains to be seen, dear Marquis."

Thus began the competition. Day after day, the games continued. First the Marquis would win, then Baron Schroeder would match him. The only difference between the two players was that while one watched the game entirely, the other also watched the former, observing in close detail his every habit of fingering the tiny replica of the knight whenever he was about to use him. His thumb always pressed on the tiny sword the knight held raised.

The thought struck the Baron like a thunderbolt. Here was the precise instrument for dispatching the Marquis. He had but a short time left to remain Baron Schroeder. Soon, he would be finished with his masquerade.

That night, in his room, the Baron took from his pocket the Marquis's knight which he had taken from the study unnoticed. He filed the little ivory sword to needle point sharpness. Then he smoothed the sides so as to hide any file marks. Finally, he dipped the point into the little vial of poison he had brought along. Slipping quietly back to the study, he replaced the knight on the board.

The next morning the stage was set. The game commenced as usual at 9:30. The Baron let the Marquis lead in points purposely. Before long, the Marquis had the opportunity to use his knight to advantage. As he started to move it, he instinctively pressed on the point. His hand snapped up as he felt the tiny pin prick in his thumb.

"What happened to this piece?" queried the Marquis in dismay.

"You've been captured by your own knight, deLacy. The poison on the sword should take affect any moment now."

"Poison!" exclaimed the Marquis in horror. "I'll call the guards," he shouted. Before he could reach the doors, he stopped, clutched his throat, and with a quiver that shook his frame, fell outstretched on the floor.

Baron Schoeder quickly dragged the Marquis's body across the room to the garden entrance. He glanced around, but saw no sign of the servants or the guards. Panting heavily, he continued to drag the body down the garden walk to the old well which was situated in a clearing near the orchards. He propped the body on the ledge, then gave a final push that sent it plummeting to the bottom.

No longer was the disguise necessary. He shaved off his heavy beard and replaced his clothes with the Marquis's wardrobe. The estate, the fortune, all these were now his. He even had a company of guards to keep out intruders. He took readily to his new role. Lavish living, everything of the very best, servants waiting on him hand and foot, were the trademarks of what he termed success. The months went by and Franz Schroeder, alias Marquis deLacey, became even wealthier. His shrewdness enabled him to add the surrounding lands to his estate.

He evicted peasants from their homes and farms so that he might enlarge his grazing lands for his large herd of thoroughbreds. His guards chased the woodcutters out of the forests on his lands so that he might hunt in peace.

Thus he lived in arrogant splendor. He had no way of knowing what the peasants thought of him and his kind. The living conditions for them were unbearable. They had had all they were going to of the roalty and nobility.

Their cry went up, "Liberty! Equality! Fraternity!" Yes, this was the French Revolution. The peasants were out in force to destroy all symbols of the ty-

ranny they were subjected to. Burning and looting, they spread outwards from Paris in all directions.

It was eleven that morning. The Marquis was having a late breakfast in the dining room. Suddenly, from the hall, came the shouts of fighting men and blazing muskets. Swords clashed together as a howling mob of revolutionists poured into the mansion, pushing back the thin line of guards in the hall.

The sounds of fighting were all over the place by now. The Marquis saw his men go down in the courtyard below. Through the doors of the dining room came two of his guards, their black and yellow uniforms torn and bloody. They were backing into the room, fighting the mob savagely with their swords. A roar of muskets brought them down.

The mob poured into the room. Angry men struck the Marquis in the face and hurled him against the wall. He was quickly bound and dragged down the hall past the bodies of his dead and dying guards. A cheer went up from the throng in the courtyard as the Marquis was pushed into the hay wagon and hauled off to Paris. He screamed hysterically as the wagon rolled down the road.

"Look," he said, "I'm not a nobleman. The real Marquis's dead."

"Quit your yelling, pig. You shall soon feel the guillotine's touch." The gun-butt came crashing down in his stomach. His hysteria was reduced to sobs until the wagon rolled up the steps of the guillotine.

"Marquis deLacey. We've been expecting you." The executioner was ready. The crowd was cheering.

"Don't kill me," screamed Franz, "I'm not who you want!"

He was dragged up the steps of the scaffold.

by Ronald J. Vandette

Too Late Now

Can't you see I'm busy?
Please don't bother me right away.
I have to do some thinking
And work a while today.
You know it's necessary
In order to get a good grade.
Why must you keep on pestering,
Until my mind has strayed?
Oh well, it's too late now
To study extra hard.
'Cause tomorrow is the fatal date
When I get my report card.

by Carolyn Keeler

Girls

I
think
of the
beach and
bathing . . .
beauties
I think of . .
girls I
think of
dances . .
and . . .
dates . . .
I think
. of girls
I think . . .
of
swimming . .
And then of
girls . . . I .
think of . .
fishing . .
I think
of girls
girls
girls
!!!

by Robert Ralfe

ZZ

The spaceship leaked; it was supposed to! The passengers didn't complain, because robots don't breath.

The space ship was outbound from Ganymede, Jupiter's closest moon. Its mission was to bring peace and good will between the men of Earth and the people of Jupiter. The only communication between Earthmen and Jupitarians was the click code, which had been developed over a period of twenty years between Ganymede and Jupiter, and as far as the Jupitarians knew, the spaceship was from their own satellite. They didn't know that earthmen had taken over the satellite in order to observe Jupiter's inhabitants.

It was quite plain (long before the ship landed on the fairly large Jovian island, perhaps seven times the size of Asia) that Jupiter was not a very pleasant world.

ZZ Two said, "Perhaps we had better wait for the inhabitants to come to us." They didn't have to wait very long.

An air vessel swooped overhead. A line of clanking ground-vehicles approached, took position and organisms emerged.

ZZ One, Two and Three came out into the open, causing an excited stir among the surrounding Jovians. The Jovians did something to the things they had brought with them and ZZ Three noticed a temperature rise on the outer layer of his beryllium-iridium-bronze body. He said to ZZ Two, "Do you feel it? They're aiming heat energy at us."

ZZ Two asked, "I wonder why? Definitely a heat ray. Look!"

One of the rays slipped out of alignment and struck a brook of sparkling ammonia. The brook boiled furiously.

ZZ Three turned to ZZ One and said, "Make a note of this will you?"

ZZ Two replied, "What reason shall I give for this action?"

"No reason. Or better," ZZ Three corrected himself, "no apparent reason. Add that the maximum temperature of the ray is plus thirty, Centigrade."

Jupiter turned on its axis three times according to the chronometer, before a Jovian communications expert arrived.

During this thirty-hour interval, the surrounding Jovians continued their attack, but the human masters had built well.

The Jovian click code expert arrived and said, "For a long time we assumed the inhabitants of the small world that circles us to be Jovians like ourselves. When we learned that we had been treating lower animals as though they were Jovians, we were dishonored. We will destroy you!"

The Jovian left and the robots reentered the ship.

ZZ Three said, "We must discover how far toward the force-field they have gone."

"That may be difficult," said ZZ Two.

"Perhaps we need only wait," said ZZ Three. "If we don't leave, it might be that-rather than admit they cannot destroy us or force us away-they will pretend that they are willing to have us stay, for their own purposes."

The next day the Jovian code expert faced them again. He said, "It has been our decision that you be allowed to remain for a very short time, so that you may see our power. You shall then return to Ganymede to inform your companion lower animals of the disastrous end to which they will come within a solar revolution."

They were going through a huge steel mill watching hundred-foot beams of ammonia-resistant silicon-steel alloy being turned out twenty to the second. ZZ three asked, "What does the wing contain?"

The government official explained, "That is the section of great heat."

ZZ One wanted to investigate so he walked in. The government official said, "I see your companion, lower animal, has decided to kill himself."

ZZ Three replied, "He wants to see how you make your ammonia resistant steel."

ZZ One, returning, was radiating heat and the Jovians hastily moved to a safe distance. The Jovians sprayed a stream of ammonia on him, which hissed, bubbled, and steamed until he was brought to a bearable temperature.

ZZ One asked, "Has Jovian science developed force fields?"

The Jovian said slowly, "Force fields? That, then, is your main object of curiosity? If so, come, lower animals!"

Whereupon ZZ Three said to ZZ Two, "We're lower animals again, I see; it sounds like bad news ahead."

Nothing more was said until the robots found themselves in an immense room. In the center of the room huge ingots of metal were motionless in mid-air seemingly unsupported.

The Jovian clicked, "A perfected force field supports that metal."

"Then you can build spaceships," said ZZ One.

"Definitely. Within the revolution, we will be turning them out by the hundreds of thousands. Then we will swarm down upon Ganymede to destroy the lower animals who attempt to dispute our dominion of the universe. Your own feeble force fields, such as the one your ship is equipped with, will be nothing in comparison to ours."

ZZ Three said, "Lead us back to our ship and we will leave. But by the way, although the humans of Ganymede have

force fields, our ship isn't equipped with one."

The Jovian said, "Creatures, you say you have come from the vacuum of space without a force field?"

"That's simple. Our ship isn't airtight. Pressure always equalizes, whether it is high or low."

"And in space?"

"We are at vacuum. We don't need to breathe."

"And the temperature?"

"Absolute zero. We need no heat."

The Jovian said, "Wait. I'll be back."

It was three hours before he returned and said, "Honored sirs, I have been in communication with the head of our central government, who is now aware of all the facts. Jupiter desires only peace. We ask only to be allowed to keep our own Jupiter."

The spaceship was back in space, and Jupiter was a large globe a hundred thousand miles away.

ZZ Two said, "They must be sincere, but why the about-face?"

ZZ Three said, "Their last card was the force field, and, when they found out that we didn't need one and could live in a vacuum at absolute zero, they broke down completely."

ZZ One said, "But why should they care? We're only robots."

"That's the whole point, One," said ZZ Three. "I've thought this over carefully. You know, through an oversight and quite unintentionally, we neglected to tell them we were only robots."

"They never asked us," said ZZ One.

"Exactly. So they thought we were human beings and that all the human masters were exactly like us."

by Bill Watson



The Priceless Gift of Laughter

A man who makes another laugh
With joy and sudden gladness,
And wipes away the deepest woes,
And filters out the sadness;
Who turns a frown
Upside down,
And draws a noisy smile out,
And twists the lips out of a pout
Till sparkling mirth is brought about -
Ah! What a priceless gift he has
In making other people laugh!
How very rare a man is he
Who turns unhappiness to glee!
May God watch over his generous heart
And bless him for his deeds,
For he is giving that thing in life
Which every person needs.

by Geniene Arsneau

The Unexpected

Colby could hear the gears of the truck grind as the driver started the motor. In a matter of minutes the truck was rolling along an old country road toward the cemetery. Just a little while longer and he would be free . . . free. Colby's mind flashed back over the past few weeks. He could still remember that day in the courtroom, that day when the jury had found him guilty of murder in the first degree and the judge had sentenced him to life imprisonment. He could just as clearly remember that day when he told Carney of his plan.

"Ingenious," thought Colby, "that's the word Carney had used, ingenious."

A little over a week before, Colby had met with Carney in the backroom of the prison laundry. It had been very humid out that day, and Carney . . .

"Hurry it up, will ya Colby. I ain't got much time. Besides, it's hot in here."

"Keep it down," whispered Colby. "I got somethin' real important to tell ya."

"Yah," asked Carney, "what is it?"

"Listen, I figured a way out of here."

"Oh, no, you're not draggin' me into anything."

"Wait a minute," said Colby grabbing Carney's arm. "At least listen to me, will ya?"

"Colby, you know I get out next week. Five rotten years I've been stuck in this pen. You think I'm gonna put in with you when I got just one more week? You're crazy Colby!"

"I know, I know. Listen to me."

All right. I'll listen—that's all," answered Carney.

"Just exactly what day are you released?"

Carney thought for a moment and then said, "The twenty-second; that's next Tuesday."

"Good, good."

"What's my gettin' out to do with you?", asked Carney.

"Now listen and listen closely; I have a job for you. I've made arrangements with a friend of mine," Colby continued, "to sneak me into the prison morgue on Thursday following your release."

"The morgue?"

"That night, a truck from an independent funeral home in the city is going to come into the prison. They're to take two of the bodies from the morgue out to the cemetery and bury them.

I'll be in one of those boxes. Your job, after the truck leaves, will be to dig me up."

"What are you going to do with the body?"

"Nothing. If I try to get rid of it, they might get wise. The best thing is to just leave it right there."

"You mean your gonna get inside a coffin with a dead guy? All I can say is, this is either crazy, or ingenious."

"Leave it at ingenious, eh, Carney?"

"Okay Colby, ingenious."

Suddenly the truck jolted to a stop. Colby could hear the cab doors slam as the driver and his companions got out. The time had finally arrived. The minutes were ticking by slowly for Colby, who by now was becoming restless inside the coffin. He felt himself being lowered into the grave.

"Give me a hand here Jake," ordered one of the men in a gruff voice.

Down, down into the cold ground. Suddenly the coffin stopped with a jerk.

"Let's hurry and get this hole filled in. I want to get back early—got a date tonight."

"I'm with you; I don't hold much to graveyards after dark."

Grabbing their shovels in the back of the truck, the three men drove off.

Underneath the six feet of earth that covered the coffin many thoughts were running through Colby's mind. Why isn't Carney here yet?"

Tick, tick, tick...

My watch. It's driving me crazy. I've got to get out. The time. Carney.

Carney said he'd dig me out at exactly 8:15. It surely must be past that now. A light... I have some matches in my pocket. If I can only reach. Here, here's one!"

Colby struck the match on the side of the coffin. As he glanced toward his watch, his face turned pale. "No... no, it can't be! The corpse....it's Carney!"

by Ken Peck

The Tree that Grew for Wishing

The tree had stood in the corner of our farm for many, many years. Even before I was born, it had grown there near the broken post by the edge of the field. The shade had made the ground hard under the branches and the grass was almost worn away where I played.

When I was a little girl, I brought my dolls there and my dreams and I cried there many times, but always the tree stayed to be my friend.

"I've got to cut that tree down," I heard my father say one day when the afternoon was too cold to play outside.

I didn't really believe it then, but that night I cried.

They couldn't cut my tree down. I loved it. It was strong and very tall when I looked up to see the top, and I knew it would always be there because it loved me, too.

It had long heavy branches that hung almost to the ground, and the leaves made the walls of my castle inside. Sometimes I sat under the big, dark arms of my tree and wished. Princes and talking dolls and Cinderella were alive there, and when I came in the afternoon, the sun made golden spots on the ground where it shone through the branches. But they didn't understand; none of them did.

It was wet that morning. I remember because it had rained the day before and the bark was black and soft on trees. I stood by the kitchen window and looked out at the day. I remembered all the things I had done that were bad and all the things I had done that were good, and I didn't know why they wanted to cut my tree down.

"But, Joy, that tree is dying, anyway. See, there are dead branches at the top and the leaves are turning brown, and besides the new trees have to have room to grow, too."

But I loved my tree. It would live for me...I knew it would.

That afternoon a lot of men came and my Mother made a huge dinner with chicken and apple-pie, and the tree fell on the earth of the wet summer fields.

My father touched my hand. "Look, Joy, your tree's not dead. There's a new part of it growing down at the bottom. We didn't kill your tree. We just took away the sick part."

I looked at the little tree. It was only as high as my knee. It would take a long time before the new tree grew as tall as I was--and it would never really be the same. I touched the leaves that bushed at the top.

Someday when I was grown and a princess, I would come here and sit under the tree, for it would be tall then; and I would never let anyone hurt it. It would be my tree again and I would love it just like the other.

"No one will hurt you now, little tree. You're mine and I'll take care of you. Daddy took my other tree away. It was sick and he had to make room for the new ones to grow. He cut it down. Daddy says sometimes people are like that, too. Some go away to make room for the rest."

I watched the tree for a long time. Maybe dying wasn't so sad if you left something behind that was part of you

and lived to let people remember that it was you who made it grow.

The sun wasn't very bright that afternoon, and toward evening rumbles of thunder bumped against clouds somewhere beyond the edge of our farm.

I walked home then. Mum would be angry if I got wet, but somehow, I didn't care. I liked the rain. It was like the big yellow quilt on my bed upstairs, warm and nice. It made you feel safe.

The world was different when it rained, but I was very sad that night.

by Joy Hartfelder

My Brother

I walked slowly through the hall leading into my brother's room and sat down upon his bed. I studied this room—this room which my brother knows so well and yet has never seen—this room where he lives and dreams, and is sometimes reprimanded. He knows every corner. It has its hideways and secret compartments placed there by him.

The sunlight came flowing through the window just then, the gold dust of sunset, the light of nature, so beautiful and gay. This, too, my brother has never seen. Nor has he seen the green of the grass, nor the color of the roses blooming in his Mother's garden below his window.

I continued to study this room—this room which only awhile ago buzzed with the voices of my brother and his friends, this room which my brother so often explores with his fingers.

Explores with his fingers—his fingers—therein lies his future. His fingers can do much. His fingers are wonderful. There in the corner lies his violin, that beautiful sweet instrument with which

my brother can make magic by placing his fingers upon the strings. This, also, his violin, my brother has never seen, but he hears it, and he can make it sing. For he is gifted with the ear very few people have and he adds something to it, something of his very own. My brother has it within his power to make his violin great and famous.

Now the sun is going down but my brother will never see that. No—for him the sun can always be shining. Yes, although my brother will never see things like these, he is fortunate in many ways you and I are not. For my brother will never judge a person by his appearance, or the way he dresses, or the color of his skin. My brother will judge people by better things, those things by which God judges people. Because of this, my brother will have many friends. My brother will never see the darker parts of this world—those parts which show the results of man's greed. No, for him the world can always be beautiful.

True my brother will have to work harder than most people, but this will develop in him determination and ambition, qualities which will help him attain his life's goal. For my brother's goal will be something different, something special. God had an important mission in mind for him when He made him this way, something only he can fulfill. God gifted my brother with many talents to make up for the loss of his sight, so that no one need ever feel sorry for him.

I wonder what will happen here in this much used room in the future. What dreams will my brother dream here? Which will be fulfilled? From out of this room one day, my brother will bravely face the world. I hope I will see those years that follow, for they will be—WONDERFUL!

by Polly Hicks

My Wish for a Day

There against the blue sky with his giant majestic wings spread like long straight limbs of a powerful oak, soars the American Bald Eagle. If I could be any animal that I would like for one day, this would be my choice.

Like many men before me, I have often admired the flight of this bird. He seems to have so much freedom. He can move from one place to another with so much ease and speed and grace, that I doubt that anyone who loves nature could help but envy this creature. I think of the many times on lazy summer days when I have seen him floating on the air currents far above the earth. His streamlined body and wings enable him to remain almost motionless at times surveying with sharp eyes the beauty of the hills and woods below. Then by a small change in the position of his wings he pulmuts to earth like a fiery meteor at speeds up to one hundred miles an hour.

This bird is the one which the United States has chosen as the emblem of the American Nation. It is a large bird about three feet in length with a wing spread of nearly seven feet. The general color of his body is brown to gray. The feathers of the head and tail are snow white. The name of the bald eagle does not refer to the absence of feathers on its head, but rather to the effect produced by the white feathers on the neck and head of this bird which set it off from all other birds of this species. It's almost as if it were a cloak and crown signifying that he is king of the air.

From ancient times this bird has been regarded as the emblem of might and courage. Its great power of vision, the vast heights to which it soars, the wild grandeur of its abode, have all served to make this bird truly the king of the skies.

by Ron Crandall

Inquisitive Persistence

How do you get dizzy faster - turning to the right or turning to the left? . . . What did I just say? I didn't say anything, mom. I was only thinking . . . No, I'm not going crazy, why? . . . Well I told you that I didn't say anything. . . . But mom, you must be hearing things. I didn't mention anything about getting dizzy. Why would I talk about that? . . . Well, I was thinking about the prom last night . . . Yea, we had fun . . . about 1:30 . . . well, we left the dance at 11:30 . . . What did we do with those two hours after the dance? Well, we had to eat . . . no, eating didn't take us two hours . . . Mother, weren't you young once? . . . No, of course not. What makes you think I like him? . . . I'm not mooning around. I'm just tired . . . Mother, you're absolutely impossible! Do you want an account of what we did every second? . . . Naturally, we danced, what do you think people go to dances for? . . . Oh, yes he's wonderful dancer . . . um-m-m- hu-m-m. He's really nice . . . Oh, I'm glad you like him, too, because he asked me to go stead—Darn you anyway, Mom, you tricked me into telling. I'd have told you later. I hope you're satisfied now . . . Me? You know I'm satisfied!

Mary Lou Riffelmacher

Algebra!

Another load of problems for
My feeble mind to ponder o'er.
One point goes here, another there.
Whoops! My hyperbola turned out
square.

Your graph is off, the teachers say,
I guess my lines don't slope that way.
I must sit here and rack my brain
Or another test goes down the drain.
So on and on, through the book I plod.

by Darryl Smith

It Shouldn't Happen to a Dog

My name is Percival P. Whitney. To most people I'm a dog, but really I'm not. I am a carnivore of the genus *Canis*. And, if I do say so myself, I'm a magnificent specimen. I have a beautiful fur coat, and I'm handsome, debonair, friendly, lovable, charitable, liberal, unprejudiced, and above all—rich. Well, I'm not; but my owners are—filthy rich. I have only one problem—I haven't any friends. I can't figure that out. Ah, but that's one story; I have another to tell.

We (my owners and I) were at our winter home in Florida. I, for one, was bored. All we did was have fun—day in and day out. We had breakfast at eleven, then a swim, lunch at one, cocktails at five, dinner at eight, and then a night on the town. I didn't have time to do anything I wanted. So I decided I would take a vacation, and ran away. After I had traveled about three days, I saw this long-wire fence that stretched for miles. There were signs that said, "Keep out, U. S. Army Testing Grounds, Cape Canaveral, Fla." I was so curious that I dug a nice neat little hole under the fence. It hurt my lily white paws, too: but, as I said, I was curious. I had no sooner gotten under the fence when I felt myself being lifted into the air. I turned my big brown eyes up and saw this great big hunk of man who said to his buddy who was standing next to him, "This looks like a good dog for the job." Well, I agreed with him there because I'm just about good for anything.

The next thing I knew, I was on a table with a lot of men in white jackets looking me over, prodding me with needles, and making all sorts of tests. A man even measured me for something. You know, like when they measure you for the suit you wear to the grave. When I

asked them what they were doing, they didn't even pay any attention to me; and I don't like that. When I was home, my every wish was a command. I was furious with those men!

After several days of being prodded, I decided I had had enough of this foolishness; so I tried to run away. But they caught me. Man, what a run!

That great big hunk of man said to his friend when he caught me, "I think he's ready for the flight now."

"What flight?" I asked, but they didn't answer. Gadzooks—are they going to get it. I thought.

While I was busy thinking of nasty little things to do to those men, they put me in a funny little suit with all sorts of wires, connected the wires to a cone-shaped thing-a-ma-bob called a Sputnik, and attached it to a big cigar—at least it looked like a big cigar. It was huge (that's probably an exaggeration, but it sure was big). Before you could say Huckleberry Hound, they began counting backward. I reckon they couldn't count forward. I didn't have time to dwell on that subject for long, because, all of a sudden, with a horrid jar, I was pushed into space.

"Boy is it getting hot in here. I'm having trouble breathing. Those men down there want information, and I'm supposed to send them messages. Well! I'll send one. I'll show them. You're murderers! Do you hear me? You're murderers. Now get me out of here! I WANT OUT!!! Listen to me . . . I know—I'll kick my way out. Oh, blasted!!!! I can't move. LET ME OUT. They're not even listening. Dad nab it, anyway! THIS SHOULDN'T HAPPEN TO A DOG!!!!!!

by Jo Ellen Kitchen



Those Waiting

It was a rainy,
Foggy day.
There were other people
Standing on the platform
Waiting for the train.
It was to arrive
At Eight.
It was a day for sorrow
And weeping—
Eight people
Waiting
For eight o'clock.
This was the day
He was coming
Home.
This was the day
He was going
Away
Forever.
The mother,
The sisters,
Weeping.
The father,
The brothers,
Stood
In hurt silence.

Each felt a loss—
A loss
Of love.
In the background,
A small feminine figure,
Alone.
Her eyes followed
The plain grey box
Being loaded
On a hearse.
She, too, knew loss:
A husband,
Children to carry,
To give life to,
Children to feed
And clothes to wash and press.
It was a rainy,
Foggy day.
A day for sorrow
And weeping.
The boy
Would not be
Forgotten.
He had done
His man's job
Well.

by Dennis Anderson

Desert of Snow

Lost! Lost in a desert of snow! As far as the eye can see there is nothing but dismal, white emptiness. That evil, everlasting snow that covers everything is a desert of snow ready to swallow up any living creature.

It has been three, or has it been four days since I became separated from the rest of the group? If only I hadn't dropped behind the rest to wander through the beautiful forest that lured me on. I didn't remember which way I had come in and began to panic and race between the trees. I ran until I could go no further and sat down to rest and regain my senses. That was when it started to snow. I didn't realize how hard it was snowing until I noticed my tracks were almost filled. Like a man chasing after the last bus home, I began to follow the faint vanishing tracks. Flake after flake of that blasted snow fell until I could no longer follow the tracks back to the trail from which I had first strayed.

I wonder what time it is now? Time! What little significance time is to a person who is lost in this cold, God-forsaken wilderness. Why should I be so worried? Why, I bet right now there is a search party looking for me. In a few hours I'll be back at the cabin warming my feet in front of a crackling slash pine fire. I'll be telling the others of my experienc-

es and how I stayed alive just so I could take all their money in a poker game. Who am I trying to kid? Their chances of finding me are one in a hundred.

What I wouldn't give for something to eat! It was yesterday noon that I had my last food; today: nothing but snow in my stomach. I thought I was lucky finding that frozen rabbit carcass yesterday. I didn't think much about eating it at first because I hadn't any knife to skin it with or any matches to start a fire with to cook it. After a while, my stomach won over my repulsion and I ate it, fur and all. In a few hours I became very ill and wished that death would relieve me of my misery. But today, I know that I would eat another one, if I could find one.

The sun is shining down on the snow and is reflected by millions of miniature mirrors. A few more days of this piercing glare and I won't be able to see. If that happens, I will probably fall into a crevice or snow filled valley and freeze in a short time. I'm beginning to think that this would be the best thing for me.

I'm tired, oh, so tired, I can't sit down to rest. I wouldn't be able to get back up again. I must keep going. It's snowing again. Those flakes of Hell will be the death of me.

I am in your hands now, God, for I can't go any farther. I must lie down and sleep - sleep - the eternal sleep.

by John Martin

Lullaby

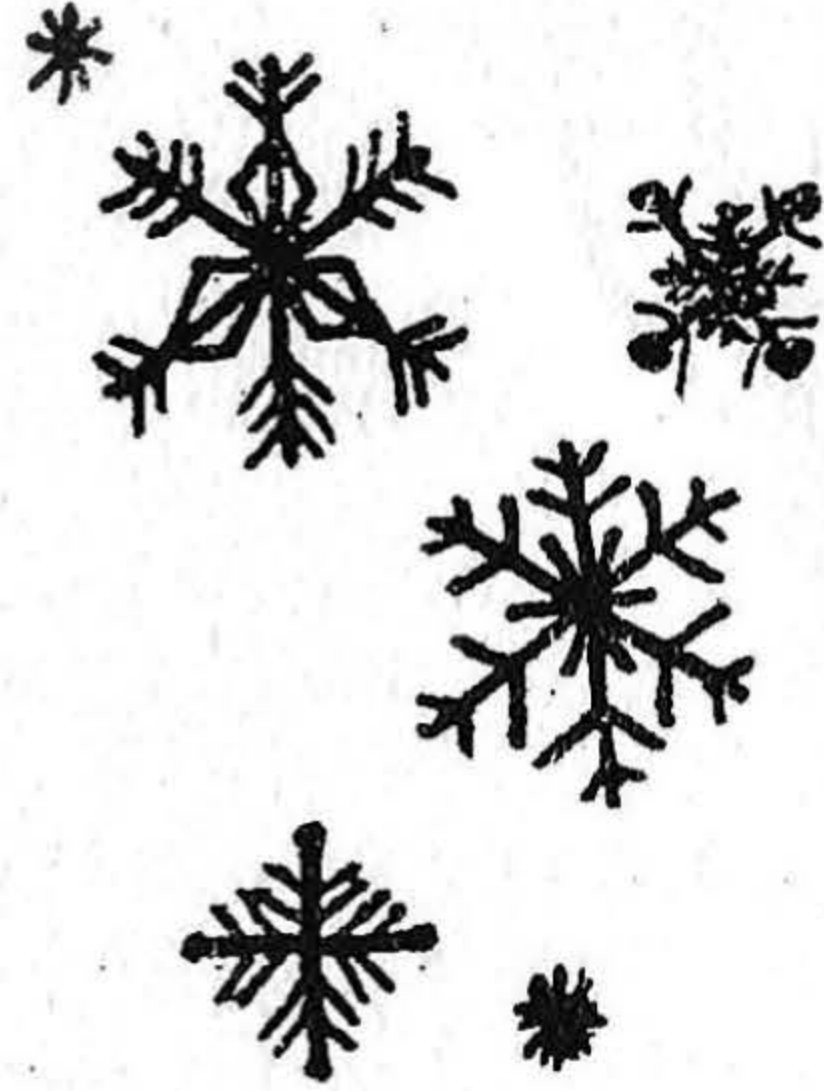
On yonder mountainside a vine
Clings at the foot of a mother pine.
The tree bends over the trembling thing,
And only the wind can hear her sing,
 "Sleep, sleep, little one, sleep.
What shall you fear when I am
here?
Sleep, little one, sleep."

by Diane Curtice

Winter Rendezvous

I love to see the snow flakes fly
On their wings of white.
They drift to earth, sparkling like
Millions of stars,
Twirling and dancing they come
Like tiny crystal puppets on strings
Controlled from somewhere far above.
Each one seems to add its tiny thread
To the large, white blanket
That covers the drab, dark, earth.
The barren trees show smiles of pride
As they are donned in jewel studded
Robes of white.
Their ice covered boughs,
Become chandeliers of priceless crystal.
The laughing brook, stops its
silly giggling,
And gazes in awe as its fast little
cascade
Slows to a trickle, then stops,
As if to sleep under its new transparent
Shield of glass.
The rabbit and the bear are sent
scurrying
For shelter, as soon as the first cool flake
Touches their sensitive noses.
I like to think that I am luckier
Than the rabbit and the bear.
I have the opportunity of being
Invited to linger after the others have
Hurriedly left, and to watch the real
Beauty of these small artists take form.
I know that soon I shall have to return
From my wonderland of Nature,
To a different kind of wonderland,
That of Man.
Here, in this wonderland of machines,
My tiny artists must be removed
To enable the steel monsters to work.
Even though I must return to this
Civilization, as they call it,
I know that sometime again soon
I will receive my invitation,
And off I'll go again for my
Rendezvous with the stars.

by Ron Crandall



For Safety's Sake

The weather's getting much too cold,
And ice is everywhere;
The snow is much too deep and wet,
It has a too bright glare.
I'll prob'ly fall and break my neck,
I'm sure 'twill be my fate.
For safety's sake this winter Friends—
I think I'll hibernate!

by Geniene Arsneau

Little Snowflake

A snow flake fell on my window sill
And gave me such a great big thrill,
That I went to see if I could find
The reason why God made it shine.
My mother said, "Tis nature, dear."
So I went back with much delight
And watched the snow flakes in their
flight.

by Joanne Uhlmann

Animal Supreme

Somebody let it slip that Man
Is the Animal Supreme,
And quick as a flash he dubbed himself
The Powerful One, the King.
Then he ran about trying to change the
world
To what HE thought it should be,
Destroying what HE thought should be
destroyed,
Freeing what HE thought should be free.
Bottling power and force and strength
And clutching it fast in his tight little
hand,
Till, alas, knowing not what to do with
it all—
Man is destroying Man.

by Geniene Arsneau

At the Doorstep

Come
Come here
Quickly but
Do not run
Or you will be a giant
And he will fly away
You mutsn't wait though—
Only once a year he comes
Or less when you grow older
Less and less each year
Until he gives you up
Come
Come here
Quickly but
Do not run
And do not sleep
Or think too much, but
Come
Come
Come!

by Mary Covell

Trees

Near by the river
Stands a great tree,
Beautiful in all
Its majesty .
Down comes a squirrel
From high in the top,
Scurrying for corn
Too busy to stop.
Nearer the ground
Out on a bough,
The home of a robin
That is vacant now.
Down by the ground,
In the thick base,
The honeybee's treasure,
Its hiding place.
The home of a squirrel
A bird or some bees.
That's what we see
When we see a tree.

by Dick Jane

Evolution

When I was two and he
was three
He used to take my toys
from me.
When I was six and he
was seven
His trains were the nearest thing
to heaven.
And three years later when he
was ten
He inked me with his squirted
pen.
And when we entered in high
school
He'd still not learned my
golden rule.
But the next four years sure
did the trick.
I'm now his one and only
chick.

by Kay Bromley

Test of Courage

"Your brother must be a coward!"

The jeering speech echoed mockingly through the schoolroom, and immediately all the heads were turned in the direction of Olive Riley, as eleven pairs of eyes watched eagerly to see how she would defend the attack.

She sprung fiercely to her feet and was facing Eileen Littledale as she almost hissed the words: "How dare you? If you say that again I'll ———"

The door opened suddenly and in walked Miss Black. Everything was quiet. Olive quickly started thumbing through a book but she couldn't get her mind off Paul —her brother—a coward!

That night as she lay in bed her brain worked busily. Somehow Paul must prove his heroism, and she must make the opportunity for him to do so.

The plan was finally thoroughly settled in her mind. Olive and the girls (including Eileen) were going down to the beach for the afternoon. They would pick a spot somewhere near Paul and his friends. She would only have to get out over her head for a minute, scream

for help, and Paul would rescue her just like the people did in books!

At the beach she looked all over for Paul. She looked out toward the raft. There was a boy standing on it looking out to sea with a suit on just like Paul's. It was Paul; yes, it must be.

She thought a minute and decided that now was a good a time as any to go into her stunt. She waded out into the water not waiting for the others. Soon the water was up to her chin. The small waves splashed into her mouth. The raft was only about twenty yards away. She was sure that she was safe. She took one more step and down her feet went into nothing. She began to thrash and scream, but no one heard her. Terror siezed her and the black, death-like water swallowed her up. The boy on the raft turned. It was the deaf boy from the village. He looked at the girls on the beach, who were waving their arms and carrying on frantically. With a puzzled look, he scratched his head and smiled.

by Penny Snogren

Hi

Did you ever really stop to think
About this little word?
It doesn't even cause a blink,
So often it is heard.
It's used by everyone far and near,
It's used by short and tall;
Wherever you go, all you hear
Is, "Hi, Bill, Bob or you all."

Without this small, but important word,
Friends might not be found,
For when the word, "Hi!" is heard,
Friends are all around.
So, the next time you hear someone say,
"Hi, Bill, Bob, or you all!"
Think how important in its way.
"Hi!" is not really so small.

by Mary Schnell



The Black Sloop

Joey had been saving for the boat for a long time now. And finally, on his thirteenth birthday, they gave him the money he had needed to make the final payment. It was a happy day for Joey, and as he ran to the Captain's house, he could not help a few jumps for joy, and yells of happiness.

"Captain, Captain, I've got it, right here. Come quickly!"

At all this noise and confusion, the captain stepped curiously out of his old and rambléd house to observe, more with wonder than anger, who would possibly consider intruding on his solitary silence at this warm part of the day.

"Aye, who's there? Why, Joey, me boy, calm yourself and tell me what brings ye to see the old Captain on such a day as this? Why look at ye lad, blast it if you're not all 'a sweating and out'a breath."

"Sir, Captain, listen to me, I've got

the money, my parents gave it to me, and now I can buy the sloop!"

"Why that's great, Joey. Come on I'll take you for a ride on her."

And so after Joey had paid the Captain for the boat, he had his first ride as the owner on it. It was a sleek little boat, black with a red stripe going through the center. Looking up at the mast, it seemed a towering 50 feet to Joey. The breeze gently filled the main sail, and the jib billowed out making the boat cut the water at a fairly fast clip. The old Captain explained to Joey how to use the rudder and how to steer the boat on a straight line by keeping the bow in line with some object on the shore or in the sky. Joey had been taking lessons from the Captain for a long time now, and this was to be his last. He had grown to love and admire the old man and his boat, but one day, when the Captain was sailing with Joey, he told him he was getting to old for the rough ways of the sea, and that he must soon sell

his boat. From that day on, Joey had been saving to buy the sloop, and the old man kept his promise, by not selling it to anyone else first.

"All right Joey, she's your's now, take the tiller." At this, Joey took a seat in the stern and headed inland.

He dropped the Captain off at his dock, and headed for home. As he went around the rocky bend, he saw his mother waving at him from his home. He brought his boat to a perfect landing, and his mother ran to him, clasped him, and at the same time, admired the boat. Joey, appreciating his mother's approval proudly pushed her away, and like a true gentleman, took his mother's hand and said, "Madam, wouldst thou honor me, by taking a ride in my simple craft? It is not much for thy loelinest, but it is what I have to offer."

"Why sir, I am honored that thou wouldst have thee aboard such a noble looking craft," and at that, his mother playfully jumped into the boat.

The summer went by, and Joey became skillfull in handling his little vessel. He was respected by the neighbors, and admired by all his friends. Every day that the weather permitted, he was out on the sea with only himself and the gulls for company. This sometimes caused his parents a little anxiety, but they trusted the boy, and knew he had the ability to handle the boat.

As for Joey, he was happier than he had ever been. He loved the sea, and his friends, the ivory gulls. Every day he went a little further, finding new inlets and lagoons. It was a simple life, and a lazy summer, but all seemed well for Joey. Until one day his mother said, "Joey, school starts next week, and you must get ready, and not waste all your time on the boat."

Joey would do as his mother bade him and then as soon as he was finished with his chores, he rushed down to his boat, and out to sea.

It was two days before school that the squall came. Joey did as he was told, and then headed for his boat.

"Joey, I wish you wouldn't go today, I don't like the looks of the weather."

"Oh mother, you know I can handle myself, and if anything happens I'll come right in."

"All right Joey, but do be careful."

Joey headed out to sea, and as he got farther out, he could not help thinking that this was probably his last day on the boat until next summer. He was determined to make the most of it. He remembered a little cove he had once found about five miles north of here. The sun was shining and it was a comparatively beautiful day. But Joey was a little worried about all the dark clouds on the horizon. Oh well, they were way off and if anything happened he would be safe in the cove.

But then Joey had forgotten how fast a storm came up at this time of year, and as he neared the rcky cliffs, he saw that he had miscalculated. The boat was heeling way to one side, and the wind was blowing stronger every minute. And then the blinding rain came.

"Look dear, those dark clouds are coming closer. I wish Joey would hurry home."

"Laura, I'll run down to see if he's coming in yet, you wait here."

"No I'll come too."

And as they stood on the dock and scanned the distance for some sight of his white sail, she knew.

"Paul, go get someone to go and find him, call the Coast Guard, or the Navy, only get someone."

And this he did. As the storm came, the wind, the rain, the lightining, and the giant waves, they knew it was hopeless.

The next day was a beautiful day, the sea was calm and the sky blue. The gentle waves pushed the black wreckage to and fro against the rocky cliffs. And no more was heard.

by Carolyn Hesseltine



Avion

Birds

as they lift their feather in flight
Up, up, up!
How high they wing their beauty,
How high they search the sky,
How magnificent is their existence—
Oh, to be a bird.

Birds

as round about me they sing,
Sing, sing!
How soft are their notes,
How melodiously perfect,
How glorious is their praise—
Oh, to be a bird.

Birds

whose form is that of purity
Bright, bright, bright!
How perfect are thy statues,
How delicate are thy thoughts,
Yet to know the God who formed you—
Oh, to be a bird.

by Mary Covell

The Scientist's Question

It was Albert Einstein who, during World War II, wrote a letter to President Roosevelt advising that work on an atomic bomb be undertaken without delay. His urgent advice was followed and after months of intense research by leading scientists, a bomb of a terrifying nature was born on the desert sand of New Mexico. It was then that many of the scientists and especially Einstein wondered if what they had done was right and justified. The realization that they had created a weapon of tremendous power which had but one purpose, the destruction of man, was something they were not sure they could settle within themselves. Thus, the question arose of just what the position of a scientist should be in a situation of this kind. It is a dilemma facing many of our scientists today.

Should the scientist contribute his knowledge and research to discover and develop for a purpose other than the direct betterment of humanity? Scientists, themselves, the very men of logic, have found no satisfactory answer to this question.

Several factors make the question seemingly unanswerable. First, of course, no scientist can possibly be sure how a particular discovery will be used after it is received by mankind. For example, although the hydrogen bomb was invented primarily to be used as a weapon, there is still much doubt as to what actual use, if any, will be made of it. The primary purpose for discovery, in itself, does not always determine the manner in which the discovery will be used. Just as those things invented for the good of man can sometimes be used against him, so discoveries made primarily to be used against man may serve him in the opposite way. An example of this

may appear in the future, should the very destructiveness of the H-bomb, now our greatest military weapon, cause man to resort to peaceful means to settle his differences.

Also it must be remembered that knowledge in itself has always proved useful. I think it can be said that mankind will be the better for all discoveries made, eventually, if he survives the uses they may be put to at first.

Often pointed out, and something that should be considered, is the degree to which man is civilized when a new discovery is to be introduced to him. One might contend that it is the duty of the scientist to hold certain discoveries from man until he is civilized to the point where he can use them intelligently. I wonder, however, if an advance in civilization comes first and then the ability to use a new discovery in an intelligent way or, if a discovery comes first and then because of a need to "grow up" or suffer the consequences, man takes one more step up the ladder of civilization. The H-bomb may eventually provide a partial answer to this question.

A factor making the question even more complicated is that of the loyalty of a scientist to his country. In the case of Albert Einstein, his decision was, for a moment, to forget his pacifistic beliefs and aid his country. Each scientist must decide this for himself as he answers the question of what he should do in regard to his work and its effect on mankind.

Is a scientist obligated to society because of the ability given him, or that which he has achieved, to "censor" his discoveries, or, going farther than that, to work only in fields where his research will directly benefit mankind? Or should the scientist simply work in any way he chooses, on any project he wishes, and reveal all he learns, leaving mankind to its own resources in the use of what he has given them? This is the scientist's question.

by Harry Klopff

Spring Shower

Man is happy,
Earth refreshed.
Rainbow stands
In eastern sky.
Birds seek shelter
In the trees.
Lightning flashes.
Winds increase.
Rains descend
Upon the fields.
Grass is green
And air is fresh.
Heavy clouds
In the west.
Thunder rumbles.
Children run.
All is quiet
In the street.

by Elizabeth Zehnder



Awake!

Sleet put on the icy ground,
Pure, white, round,
All awake
Brights days
Pure, untouched
All in rays.
Of sun man lives
Of God man dies
Of earth man stays—
Existence sleeps.
Awake to life!
Awake to love!
Awake to all beauty of nature of God.

by Mary Covell

Spring Debut

Overhead tiny birds
With tiny happy hearts
Flutter to and fro
In a sky of bluest blue,
Each singing his own
Personal part
To the melody
Of her spring debut.
There she stands,
Proud, poised and waiting,
For all to admire,
Which all have done
With incomparable desire.
Enrobed in tresses of green
Stands she,
Observing those tiny little birds
Singing in their tiny minor key.
In the soft spring breeze
To and fro she glides,
Her fine and feminine arms
Swinging gracefully at her sides.
The faint and fragrant scent of perfume
She does secrete
Is, oh, oh, so sweet.
And the breeze,
Gently combing her hair,
Comes upon small golden bees,
The only jewels worn there.
Then at her feet,
As if by chance,
To an allegro beat
The woodfolk gaily dance.
Who is this creature
So fair and fine,
With features
No less than divine?
Let me keep you
Guessing no more,
For now 'tis known
From shore to shore.
This lovely maiden,
She,
Could be none other
Than the blooming apple tree.

by J. K. Gwisdala